

GUNS AND BEER MUGS.

The Raids on the Law Breakers Are Exciting.

PISTOLS DRAWN AT ONE PLACE.

Nerve and Courage Required by Officers of the Law to Make Arrests—Some of the Incidents.

Two joints were raided by deputy sheriffs last evening. The first one was that of the Arlington hotel at the corner of Madison and Fourth streets, operated by Mrs. C. Cooley who used to be Mrs. F. Martineau.

Mrs. Cooley was sleeping when Deputy Sheriffs Dan Jones and C. D. Watson called. The bell boy volunteered to call her and by the time the officers had smoked two cigars she swept into the room. She is a woman past middle age, and well dressed. It is reliably reported that her son, Dick Cooley who is playing with the St. Louis Browns, generally sends her \$100 a month.

"Is this Mrs. Cooley?" Mr. Watson asked.

"It is," was the reply. Watson reached

Capital Grocery

THE POPULAR LOW PRICE GROCERY.

109 E. SIXTH ST. PHONE 808.

Monday Bargain Day

Give us one trial order, and then we know we can count on you being one of our regular customers.

20 lbs. finest Granulated Sugar.....	\$1.00
20 lbs. Brown Sugar.....	1.00
16 lbs. Cut Leaf or Powdered Sugar.....	1.00
16 lbs. best White Lard.....	1.00
6 lbs. Coffee.....	1.00
9 cans California Best Plums.....	1.00
12 lbs. Dry Salt Bacon.....	1.00
6 lbs. Extra Good Tea.....	1.00
5 gal. keg Pure Chlor. Vinegar.....	1.00
25 lb. box Soda Crystals.....	1.00
25 lb. large California Raisins.....	1.00
32 lbs. Currants.....	1.00
14 lbs. Choice Prunes.....	1.00
12 cans 2-lb. Oysters.....	1.00
12 cans Blackberries.....	1.00
1 basket Fino Peaches.....	1.00
9 lbs. Full Cream Cheese.....	1.00
10 lbs. Coffee, 20c; Mexican Coffee, 20c;	
Santa Cruz Coffee, 20c; 7 pkgs. 1876 Pow-	
der, 25c; 10 pkgs. Soap, 25c; 10 bars	
Laundry Soap, 25c; 5 lbs. Baking Pow-	
der, 5c; 5 Soda, 25c; 5 lbs. Ginger	
Snap, 25c; 6 lbs. Rice, 25c; 1 doz. Soap,	
25c; 2 lbs. Cream Cheese, 25c; 5 Tar	
Soap, 25c; 6 Castle Soap, 25c; 8 lbs.	
Roll Oats, 25c; 50 lb sack best Flour in	
the world, 75c.	

China, Wolf's Silver Shield Goods:

California Hams.....	95c
Sugar Cured Hams.....	125c
Best Salt Pork, 8c; Dried Beef, extra	
size, 125c; 50 lb. can Lard, \$1.25; best	
Sugar Cured Breakfast Bacon, 12c.	
4 lbs. fine Japan Leaf, 25c; Gunpow-	
der, English Breakfast, Basket-fried Ja-	
pan, 25c; sample 3-lb. chest, \$1.	
7 pkgs. Coffee, \$1; Coffee Essence, 2	
for 3c.	

California Heavy Syrup, 50c; Peaches, per dozen, \$1.40; Peaches, \$1.45; finest 3-lb. Tomatoes, dozen \$1.05.

20c Scrub Brush, 5c; 50c Fibre Pail, 25c; 40c Water Pail, 15c; Crosse & Blackwell's Chow-chow, 30c; Colman's Mustard, box 15c; Lemon Exts., 5c; Vanilla Exts., 5c; Cornstarch, 5c; 7 lbs. Laundry Starch, 25c; 4 pkgs. Pancake Flour, 25c; sack Crackers, 20c; pkg. Tacks, 1c; box Matches, 1c; can Salmon, 5c; can Mackarel, 15c; 1 can Brook Trout, 12c; can Oysters, 5c; 7 lb. box Toilet Soap, 25c; 2 pkgs. Toothpicks, 5c; 1 lb. Tobacco, 10c; \$1.75 box Cigars, \$1; 30 Pickles, 5c; Fruit Cans, dozen 50c; 3 Brooms, 25c; Map Stick, 10c; large Tub, 40c; Wall Buckets, 25c; Climax Tobacco, 1b 35c; Eagle's Milk, 17c.

Compare our prices with those on your pass-book and see how dear you pay for the luxury for having a pass-book.

S. SPROAT, THE CAPITAL GROCERY

SURGEONS.

Dr. J. H. WARD, M.D., 717 KANSAS AVENUE.

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ed into his pocket and said: "I have a warrant for your arrest," producing the document. Mrs. Cooley was taken completely by surprise, but said after she had recovered from the shock: "Well, I'll have to fix up a little before I go up town." Mr. Watson made no protest, but accompanied Mrs. Cooley to her room, where he waited outside the door while she completed her toilet. While they were there Deputy Dan Jones began a search of the premises for beer. Four bottles were found in the refrigerator and a cork-screw and several beer mugs. For a time no more liquor could be found, but the reporter finally found a dozen bottles in a barrel in the cellar, after getting many cobwebs on his nose and spiders down his back.

The wet goods were taken to the sheriff's office in an express wagon, while Mrs. Cooley walked to the office with Watson and her husband, who is a coal dealer in the same block. Before starting the coal man said: "We won't have to ride up town in that wagon, will we?"

"No," replied Dan Jones.

"Good thing! I wouldn't let Mrs. Martineau ride in that old thing."

"You wouldn't?"

"No, I wouldn't."

"I want you to understand that she would ride in here if we told her to!"

"She wouldn't."

"I say she would."

"She would not."

"Who in— are you?"

"I'm big enough to throw you over my head if I wanted to. You had better run along, Willie."

And he did.

At the sheriff's office the quarreling was renewed and Dan Jones was invited by the bondman to go out into the alley and see who was the best man. Dan thought this very funny.

Revolvers Were Drawn.

Deputy Sheriffs Tom Wilkerson, Jacobs and Dan Jones next went to the "club" at the Northeast corner of First and Van Buren streets. This club has a charter as "The German-American Laborer's Aid and Relief Society," and the cash from the sale of beer went into the "Relief fund," (on paper.)

The officers were fortunate in finding a member in the act of entering and they got in before the door could be shut. There were nine men in the house, four of them playing cards and the rest drinking. Frank Eitzer was the proprietor of the place and Wilkerson inquired for him. A young man hardly 22 years of age responded, and he was shown the warrant.

"My name was not Frank Eitzer, it was Mike Eitzer."

"Well, you run the joint, don't you?"

"Not part of it was all right, but py chimney the name was wrong and I cannot go with you."

"I think you will."

By this time the other men in the room had become interested, at least those who were sober enough to be.

The men around the tables got up and approached the officers and a piano-tuner who was there, called out: "Don't go, Mike; we'll stay by you." The musician approached Wilkerson with his cane up-lifted as though to strike, using abusive language. Wilkerson struck him a blow with his fist that sent him sprawling into a corner of the room, and the other men in the room rushed on to the officers. Jacobs knocked a man down and all the officers drew their revolvers. Somebody threw a beer-glass, but further than that the occupants of the joint were content to subside. They were terrified by the revolvers. An eight-gallon keg of beer and about twenty bottles were confiscated, as well as glasses, trays, beer-pumps and other club paraphernalia. It was the intention of the officers to arrest the lame musician, but he slipped out of the back door unawares. The rest, except the proprietor, were not arrested.

The little cottage occupied by the club faces the Rock Island tracks and sets well back from the street and is almost hid by shade trees. The only entrance is through the back basement door, which has six distinct locks on it. There are seven rooms in the house, each, except the kitchen, containing nothing except card tables and chairs.

THREE LITTLE JAYS.

They Were Quite Contrary, Making Merry, All Evening—Five Dollars Each.

Three little jays were all there was in police court to afford entertainment for Judge Kneminger and City Attorney Tiltonson. The rest of the cases were discharged or continued.

John Cole's case was continued till Monday morning. He was charged with disorderly conduct. John is the colored man who it was thought was implicated in the theft from the Quincy street fruit stand and resisted the officer.

John Goldstein wandered in with an innocent eye and a very dirty shirt. He was charged with having been too intimate with a decoration known to the sporting world as "white horse." "Yes, I was drunk," he said, and the judge made it \$5.

John Martin had also been a little the worse for the frequency with which he had helped Mr. Goldstein dispose of his bottle. John lives in Denver and had been to Iowa. He was on his way home now and had walked far. The judge thought he looked tired and gave him five days to rest in.

Drunk also was C. H. Williams and he was not ashamed of it. The charge was read to him and he said "that's right." He will be held for five days to bear the two Johns company.

Mr. P. L. Wise is in it again. It is the same old story about the slot machine. Mr. Wise says he doesn't own any slot machines and regards his arrest as a great injustice. Mr. Wise will tell about it in court, Wednesday.

John Clay, who disturbed the peace of "Uncle Nick" somebody, whose name, if he ever brought it into court, was not with him, was called next and pleaded not guilty. It seems John had been loafing around Uncle Nick's stairway and there had been a dispute about it, during which much state central committee language diffused the landscape. As a result John will have an opportunity to explain his conduct to the judge Monday morning to which time his case has been continued.

Prof. Jackson's Military Band will give an open air concert at Vinewood Park tomorrow afternoon, 2 to 6 o'clock. Admission 5c.

The STATE JOURNAL'S Want and Miscellaneous columns reach each working day in the week more than twice as many Topeka people as can be reached through any other paper. This is a fact.

Prof. Jackson's Military Band will give an open air concert at Vinewood Park tomorrow afternoon, 2 to 6 o'clock. Admission 5c.

Dr. J. E. MULVANEY—Special attention given to chronic diseases. Office open all hours. 600 Kas. Ave. Phone 21.

L. A. RYDER, M.D., Office and residence cor. Garden street and Central ave., North Topeka. Phone 214. Uses the Strickland system of dental treatment, a successful and painless treatment for piles, fissure, hemorrhoids, etc.

Webb & Harris, druggists, Bennett's Plats

RULES OF THE ROAD AT SEA.

Measures of Prevention Taken by the Big Transatlantic Liners.

With only few exceptions, the regular steamship lines pursue well-defined paths, in going and coming across the Atlantic, and this not only averts the danger of collision, but is an element of safety in case of disaster, as a ship, if in the "lane," is reasonably sure of being sighted, if not by one of her sister ships, by one of some other line. The closely calculated sailing directions under which captains guide their crafts across the water provide for reaching specified meridians of longitude while on certain parallels of latitude, the meridian 50 degrees west being mostly used as a basis for reckoning. Coming westward, says the New York Tribune, the Cunarders will cross that line in latitude 43 north, or less than that figure; the White Star Line divides the year into two parts, and from February to August runs with the Cunard steamers; from August to February, however, its vessels keep further north, and the limit for crossing the meridian is 45 degrees 50 minutes north. The American Line gets one degree nearer the equator, and strikes 50 degrees west on the forty-second parallel, while the North German Lloyd captains sail under "go-as-you-please" orders, crossing the meridian of 50, however, about eighty miles south of the Virgin Rocks, or a little to the north of the forty-fourth parallel. Going eastward, however, the figures change slightly, and the Cunard Line reaches the mark of 50 degrees west one degree south of its westward crossing point, while the White Star Line drops its division of the year and sticks to a course still nearer the equator than its red-funnelled rival, making the forty-first parallel the objective point or junction with the meridian throughout the year.

One great danger of the transatlantic voyage is in passing the Newfoundland and Georges banks. Little two masted cockleshells swarm over the places where fish are known to congregate, and, blow high or blow low, poke their noses up into the wind and let it keep on blowing, while the guiding spirits of the frail craft are out in their dories chasing a school of cod or haddock. When fog settles down on the water and a damp gray blanket of mist shuts out from view everything but the tumbling wave that happens to be right under the boat, there they stay until they are either loaded with fish or short of provisions, when they "up kick" and away for home. At night it is the same as in fog, and while it sometimes happens that the sloop itself is smashed to splinters or cut in two or sunk, it is more often the case that a boat a short distance from her is cut down and two or more men added to the long and tear-moistened list of "missing from the fishing fleet."

The new rules of the road revive the article of the law of 1885, which provides that open boats and fishing vessels of less than twenty tons shall have a lantern with two glasses, one showing a red and the other a green light, which shall be shown on the proper side of the boat when approached by another vessel, and another section provides that sailing boats, whether under sail or oars, shall carry a lantern showing a white light, which must be exhibited as a warning to approaching craft. With these rules strictly enforced and of international effect, it is hoped that many of the perils of the sea will be overcome, for while the big steamer may come safely to port and land her passengers all right, it is not pleasant to think that in a rush for a record human lives have been sacrificed that might have been saved if strict attention had been given by all concerned to the rules of the road.

That Wicked Parrot.

"Baldheaded people are continually being made the butt of other people's jokes," remarked E. M. Weir of Chicago as he mopped the perspiration from his pate, which was as devoid of hair as a billiard ball. "It is not often, though, that you hear of a parrot taking advantage of our misfortune and setting us up as an object of ridicule. Such a thing happened to me a few weeks ago, and I will tell you how it was. An old college chum of mine received a parrot as one of his wedding presents, and both he and his wife are greatly attached to the bird. He is in the habit of getting out of his cage and roaming over the house at his own sweet will. One day the cook caught Polly in the act of pulling some pickled onions from a jar that stood on the kitchen table; she was so angry that she threw a dipper of hot water she had in her hand at him, some of which landed on top of his head, and the result was that a tuft of feathers came off and he was a baldheaded parrot forevermore. Months after this occurrence I called at the home of my friend and asked the evening. The parrot's cage hung up in the hall in such a position that he could command a view of the front door. As I stepped inside the door and removed my hat, displaying my extensive bald pate, Polly at once cried out in the plainest tones:

"Ha, ha, so you have been at the pickled onions, too, have you?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Reminded Him of Webster.

The Kansas City Mail tells a story of a Congressman, who, having submitted himself to the manipulation of a venerable colored barber in Washington, was told: "Do you know, sah, you remind me so much of Daniel Webster?" Of course the Congressman was greatly pleased at the compliment, and he smiled visibly. He would have straightened up

promptly had he not had his head in a barbarous chancery, so to speak.

"Indeed," he said, "shape of my head, I suppose?" This staggered the aged colored man somewhat. He had not expected a question in reply, and had merely laid the foundation for his complimentary bluff, never thinking that there would be a call for an explanatory superstructure.

"No, sah," he stammered in reply. "Not yo' head, sah. It's yo' bress."

Never Learned His Name.

That a woman can marry and not know her husband's name seems impossible, yet such a woman was found in a remote place in the South during the Civil War, according to the historian of the Thirteenth Illinois Volunteers. Certain of the soldiers of that regiment, being socially disposed, went one evening to make a call at a house not far from the camp. They received a not over-pleasant welcome from the residents, an old woman and her daughter.

The older woman sat in a splint-bottomed chair, industriously smoking a corn-cob pipe.

During the conversation one of the boys inquired her husband's name.

"Wal," was her slow answer, "I never did rightly git hold o' the old man's name. I taxed him about it a time or two, when we was a-courtin', but I low that I never did git hold of arry right eend on't. Pears like he said 'twas Mummy or Muren or Menshin or some sich."

"He isn't about home, I suppose?" was the next question.

"No, he ain't," she answered, shortly. "He's off fightin' the Yanks."

The young woman meantime had hunted up an old envelope on which had sometime been addressed, "George M. Mummy."

Thinking the soldier puzzled over it for awhile, and then decided it was intended for "Judge Ralph Muon."

"There's a young man up in our camp by that same name," remarked one of the men.

"Do he tote a gun?" asked the old woman.

"Oh no," was replied; "he's a muscian."

"What, is he one of them ar' rub-a-dub fellers?" she inquired.

"No, he plays a flute," said the soldier, and he went through the motions of playing that instrument.

"Oh, yes, I know," she responded. "He blows into one of them ar' screechin'-sticks!" and then she rose, knocked her pipe against the chimney-jam and remarked, "Wal, I hope a bullet from my old man's squirrel rifle'll hunt him up an' make his acquaintance."

This Was in New Mexico.

"I remember a very funny incident that happened a few years ago down in New Mexico," said a retired army officer to a reporter for the New York Record.

"An old scout and experienced Indian fighter enlisted a company of cowboys, and, marching them to the army post at Santa Fe, reported for duty to the colonel in charge of the body of regular troops stationed there."

"The colonel was a dapper little man, neat and nicely gloved, you know, and he rather looked down upon the rough company that was offered to him. Turning to the captain of the ragged crowd, he said:

"Ever seen service?"

"Um," replied the other.

"Men well drilled?"

"Um."

"Well, just order them over there to camp, so I can see how you would go about it, and how they'd obey," said the colonel.

"Hey, you fellers!" called out the captain, "git over there to that f'ee, get off your hosses and turn in; be blessed quick about it, and Bill, you onery cuss, if you don't have coffee ready in an hour I'll split your ears."

"The next day the entire command began a campaign against the Indians. Before taking up the march the colonel gave most minute and especial orders in a long address to his regulars, telling them what to do if attacked, and what orders would then be given. The captain, after the colonel had finished, returned to the men and cried out:

"Hey, you fellers, darn you, double quick, an if them red sons of guns git after you, don't wait for no fool orders from me, but light onto 'em."

"And if it hadn't been for this crowd times would have gone hard with the regulars that time when they did meet the Indians."

Senator Sherman and the General.

Senator Sherman was once asked whether it was true that he once came near having General Sherman's place and of going to West Point. He replied: "No, I think not. When my father died he left, you know, a family of eleven children, the eldest of whom was 18 years and the youngest 6 weeks. He did not leave a large amount of property, and some of the children were taken by our relatives, and the General was adopted by the Hon. Thomas Ewing, who was a great friend of the family, and who lived near us. Mr. Ewing came to my mother and told her he would like very much to adopt one of her boys if she would permit him, but that he wanted the smartest of the lot. As the story goes, my mother said: 'You had better take Camp; he is the smartest. As for John, I think he is too young to leave me,' and so Camp was adopted by Mr. Ewing, and by him sent to West Point."

A Boy in Richmond, Va., was arrested for having \$30,000 in Confederate money in his possession. His attorney convinced the judge that the war was over, however, and he was released.

These are times when the bottom dollar is also the top dollar.

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

IS NOT LOST IN THE TUB.

THE PROCTOR & KEMBLE CO., CHICAGO.

HOT ICE CREAM.

Weather is the time when the human system requires something to equalize the temperature of the circulation, and the best thing for that purpose is strictly pure

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Sets of Teeth \$7

Crown and Bridge Work, per tooth, 95c. Gold Fillings, \$1.50. Teeth Extracted without Pain, 25c. Other Fillings, 50c up.

KINLEY & LANNAN

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Men's Fine Shoes

AT

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527 KANSAS AVENUE.

High School Football. The Peabody Football club has received an invitation to assist in organizing an inter-scholastic football league among the high schools of Kansas for a series of games the coming fall. Among the cities which will be looked to to become members of the association are Lawrence, Topeka, Leavenworth, Atchison, Beloit, Ottawa, Emporia, Manhattan, Fort Scott, Concordia, Peabody and other towns.

If 200 tickets at \$2 each could be sold, a 5-number lecture course could be secured for Topeka composed of C. H. Fraser, Joseph Cook, Col. Copeland, T. Slayton's Jubilee singers and J. W. Giddings.

Prof. Jackson's Military Band will give an open air concert at Vinewood Park tomorrow afternoon, 2 to 6 o'clock. Admission 5c.

Good work done by the Peerless